

Ellsworth American.

AMERICANS CAN GOVERN AMERICA WITHOUT THE AID OF POPISH INFLUENCE.

VOLUME 2.

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The Ellsworth American.

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POETRY.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the human ties that bind me;
For the task by God assigned me;
For the bright hopes that bind me;
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who are so dear to my soul;
To console their griefs,
And to follow in their wake;
To be a patriot, martyr, sage,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds are history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To trust by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall rule by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
A every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those that love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the human ties that bind me;
For the task by God assigned me;
For the bright hopes that bind me;
And the good that I can do.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR YOUNG MEN.

Observation and experience unite with scripture in declaring that human nature is two-fold. Man has a body within a body, a mind within a mind, a life within a life. He is placed on the confines of two worlds, the material and the spiritual, and communicates with both. In his relations with the external world he is passive and in his relations with the region of thought and of sentiment, he is active. Man, however, rears up as the material world by the operations of the arts, as a tower is he builds himself, in the moral world, to an enlightened dependence by accepting the laws which govern his nature.

Man is the highest of all possible organisms of the material universe, he is the organization of all the elements of matter in their highest perfection and if left alone to the guidance and motives of his outward life with out the influence of his interior and spiritual life his highest life is self-love and all his thoughts, his efforts, his love of friends, and family and country are but an expansion of self-love like branches from a trunk, to accomplish a personal end and the aggrandizement and deification of self. He thus labors to exalt himself upon the ruins of his race.—This is the course of man when his inward life is dormant or enslaved.

The man who is guided by self-love is only a portion of a man. He is distorted and his better and nobler portion lies buried in the dark night of forgetfulness and inactivity. Self-love is eager to enrich itself and for this willingly takes from others, while man's inner life if developed and brought into activity would lead him even to dispossess himself, if it were necessary to acquit the obligations imposed by the love of the Lord and the neighbor.

Each minute crystal in the mineral world is perfected, not by the pressure of a force acting from without, but by the movement of an individual force working from within. The fruit in the vegetable kingdom is perfected through blossom, bud and leaf and twig and branch and trunk and root from a similar inward force striving after evolution and perfection. So the true man is unfolded in the exterior and visible life by the interior spiritual forces seeking to ultimate themselves in actual, practical life and this,

and this only is the true man in its entire unity—the conjoining of the two lives of man in one. The diamond and the ruby are born again in the lily and the rose, and the result of inward, spiritual and exalted forces are seen in the life of the true moral man.

Our address is to young men and we have referred to these principles because in them is the true dignity of their nature. These prove the high relationship which they sustain to the spiritual and eternal, were the great author of love and life the indwelling and active cause of all things.

Rightly to go on in the work of full development and the complete unfolding and perfection of man in his two-fold nature, it is necessary that we begin with a truthful estimate of what we are and what we really need and what we would become. It should be borne in mind also that the whole fabric of civilization rests upon the system of mutual aid.—Man was not made to dwell alone, but in society and he finds at every step of his progress reciprocal relations to mankind. Even in the external world how few of the comforts and luxuries of life and of those things which pertain to the ordinary necessities of daily recurrence, are things which we do or could provide for ourselves. The uses which men serve to each other in providing for each other these external things will apply with equal force to those things which refer to our intellectual and spiritual wants. For knowledge, instruction, counsel and wisdom have we reason to feel our indebtedness to others and through them above all to an ever careful Providence.

Society, then, is interested in the welfare and development of every young man, and every young man is interested in the most perfect development of his companions, as well as of himself. But it is doubtless and unfortunately true, that there are many things within and without which prevent us from seeing ourselves as we are and the endeavor therefore needs to be strong and constant to see through and around these obstacles which stand in the way.

The most prominent and commanding of these obstacles is what we love to consider independence. Much of the popular thought of our countrymen is in this direction and much of the evils which afflict society and the errors which darken the public mind and of the petty crimes which are perpetrated arise from this independence which young men especially are so apt to persuade themselves, as well as of themselves, that there are many things within and without which prevent us from seeing ourselves as we are and the endeavor therefore needs to be strong and constant to see through and around these obstacles which stand in the way.

It should be the aim of every one to be a true man, not merely by the acquisition of external freedom and independence, worldly gain and a share of the world's applause, but by an outgrowth of the true inward life, having the kingdom of light and love, of truth and good, within the heart, and there wrought out into daily life. His true mission is to perform on earth for mankind and himself the highest uses, and thus to prepare himself for the performance of the highest uses in heaven, for the angels and himself. This should be the grand platform of his life, the trussel board of his action—the plan he would perfect—the noble temple he would construct. * *

THE TEACHER'S REWARD.

The life of a teacher, is one of ceaseless toil, and to one at all awake to its duties and responsibilities, one of ceaseless anxiety.

So many cares are inseparably connected therewith, that no one, who has ever found himself in such a position can understate its importance.

Manual labor, is not the only labor, that exhausts the energies and weighs down the spirits;

The labor of the mind, as much exceed that of the body, as the mind is superior to the body. And what situation in life, calls forth, so many and such diverse powers of mind, as does that, in which one mind, is brought in direct juxtaposition, with many others; untought, undisciplined, and uncontrolled.

Well might the conscientious teacher, shrink from such a contact, and form such a responsibility.

But hope whispers, of loving hearts and successful labors, perchance, to him may be given, the key to some heart,

whose powers, yet lie dormant, that, to him may be committed the guidance of some master spirit, whose embryo powers, are to receive their first impulses, from his moulding hand.

Often, may it be in his powers, to choose a desponding soul, lightening its burdens and smoothing away its difficulties.

True, it may press hard upon the soul wearing out its energies, and sadly may the heart feel the want of sympathy and cooperation on the part of parents and those who should feel an interest in common schools.—Perhaps even those who by official connection, might justly, be expected to extend sympathy and assistance, fail to appreciate, the patient, preserving labors, which have effected so much, and view with "eyes askance, the movement, with-holding, (even where others, see much to approve) the scanty meed of praise, which in itself, would be but a meagre tribute to the weary, self-denying labors, which were performed, not with an eye to worldly praise but from a sense of duty, perhaps imperfect in many respects, and from necessity it it must ever be, as perfection dwells not among mortals.

But he looks not here for his reward; and an approving conscience, and the affectionate regard of his pupils, are to him, full compensation for past exertion, knowing that, "his record is on high" and there will be his reward.

SYMPATHY.

PASSING AWAY.

These impressive words are engraved indelibly upon all things in nature.—There is naught that we can see however lovely; naught on which we can place our earthly affections, that does not pass away; often without having a souvenir of former loveliness. Taking our morning walk as we gaze around us, how often are we reminded of the shortsightedness of man and the vanity of life!

We are surrounded by everything grand, sublime and lovely; far in the East the sun is rising "in all of his surpassing splendor" and as far as we can extend our vision there is something we can gaze upon, until our organs of vision cease to perform their duty faithfully. The lofty mountains, tower far up among the clouds. The mighty forest oak rears its head proudly as "would bid defiance to the grandeur of Heaven; as we pass along. We pause to gaze on a lovely flower at our feet; as it unfolds itself to our view we can but admit the delicacy of its color, the beauty of its texture; we mark the spot and pass along.

Soon we come to the lofty oak, and it seems as though our eyes could never be satiated with gazing on this noble tree; we wonder and admire the nobleness of its design. We pass along to the lofty mountains; their tops are covered with verdure; we gaze at them, but we are speechless, for those mountains awaken in our hearts feelings of sublimity and awe, and we hush our very breathing for fear of breaking the profound stillness. We ask ourselves who is he that has created all of these things? We hear an answer in the winds; it is the Immortal, the Invisible, the Eternal, the Great I Am, who ruleth these mighty globes that are hang in infinite space. But we have come to the end of our walk. Let us return.

We gaze up to yon mountains, but alas! they are robbed of their verdure, their beauty has passed away! We arrive at the spot where the delicate flower bloomed and waved to and fro in the breeze on its tender stalk regardless of decay, or the blighting influences of time. But ah! the lovely flower has gone. It is not there. My heart sickens and I turn and gaze around me. Where? O! Where I cry has the lovely flower gone that I stopped to admire a moment ago?

Time replies thou art young; don't thou yet know that thou canst place no confidence in earthly objects, in earthly hopes, desires and prospects. The flower has passed away! nothing now remains but the stalk; it moves in the breeze today, to-morrow it also will have passed away, and naught will remain to mark the spot where once it grew.

It is so with all things in nature. We behold proud edifices, reared by the hard labor and ingenuity of man; Palaces the abode of kings and princes, the wealth of all countries have been lavished upon them in extravagant profusion, we see them crumbling into the very dust, soon they too will have passed away.

Not only do the works of nature decay and pass away; but kingdoms, na-

tions, empires and thrones. Where are those nations of ancient times?

Where is Rome that sat on seven Hills once the proud mistress of the world? once the place where the good and great of all nations delighted to congregate. Her glory has passed away.

Where is Egypt once the most enlightened nation on the globe; that once boasted of her obelisks, her colossal statues, her arts and sciences, where is she now? Alas! she sits robed in heathen blindness. Her grandeur has left her, her power has passed away.

So with all of the cities, and countries of ancient times; they are left of their greatness,—their glory has passed away.

Let us for a moment look at our own proud nation. Free enlightened, christian America. Where are her own native children, the Indians! who once traversed her forests, fearlessly and independently; whose chief delight was to hunt the moose and deer. They were the true children of nature, although they had not the polish of "civilized life" yet they were true to their friends, warm hearts were beating in their bosoms. They were true to nature.

Their loud laugh, and their rude war, song, could once be heard echoing, and reaching from the depths of our mighty forests. Now ah! now naught is heard but a sound like the bitter wailings of an infant. O! natural sons of America, you are passing! passing rapidly away.

Then man, the noblest work of God, knowing the shortness of human life, knowing that it is but a step from this world into another; when he will be ushered into the presence of his God—why does he not check his vices, and cherish his virtues; why does he let every trifling care, or frivolous expression, excite his angry passions? Why does he not live according to the golden rule? Does he you would be done by and thus leave a name that will not pass away. All but virtue will pass away, virtue alone builds her monument that will last when Egypt falls.

From the stars of Heaven, and the flowers of earth, from the legend of power, and the voice of truth, from childhood's song, and olden days' tale, from all that is dear and which would break away, there is naught but one record—passing away.—
Ellsworth, Apr. 1856. G. E. G. H.

SNOW STORMS.

Continued from No. 11.

1854.

Jan. 1st, 4 inches 10th, 2 inches 16th, 2 inches 20th, 10 inches 23d, 4 inches 26th, 3 inches 30th, 1 inch, Feb. 3d, 2 inches 5th, 3 inches 8th, 8 inches 13th, 3 inches 16th, 1 inch 23d, 4 inches 26th, 2 inches March 3d, 5 inches 7th, 1 inch 8th, 4 inches 10th, 4 inches 17th, 3 inches 23d, 1 inch 24th, 12 inches, April 8th, 1 inch 16th, 3 inches.

Depth of snow the winter past 11 feet 10 inches.
Nov. 22d, 8 inches 30th 2 inches Dec. 4th, 12 inches 5th, 1 inch 6th, 2 inches 11th, 3 inches 13th, 1 inch 18th, 3 inches 23d, 4 inches 30th 2 inches.

1855.

Jan. 15th, 3 inches 19th, 3 inches 20th, 1 inch Feb. 3d, 2 inches 5th, 2 inches 9th, 2 inches 16th, 1 inch 18th, 2 inches March 10th, 4 inches 14th, 3 inches 15th, 3 inches 20th, 2 inches 23d, 2 inches 27th, 2 inches April 14th, 1 inch 20th 1 inch.

Depth of snow the winter past 6 feet.
Nov. 4th, 1 inch 18th, 1 inch 21st, 2 inches Dec. 13th, 1 inch 25th, 5 inches 30th, 8 inches.

1856.

Jan. 3d, 4 inches 6th, 3 inches 8th, 1 inch 13th, 1-2 inch 17th, 1 inch 19th, 2 inches 30th, 1 inch Feb. 2d, 2 inches 7th, 4 inches 9th, 2 inches 15th, 2 inches 16th, 1 inch 17th, 18 inches 23d, 1 inch March, 8 inches 4th, 5 inches 6th, 4 inches.

Depths of snow the winter past 7 feet 6 inches. Whole number of snow storms 160. Depth of snow 45 feet 1 inch.

Mr. Senator Barnes has been defeated in a contest for the city Solicitorship of Portland. The vote in the city Council was sixteen for L. D. M. Sweet Esq., to eleven for Mr. Barnes.

The penalties for suicide are quite severe in Albany. An exchange says that a man in that city named Edward Canton was fined \$10 and costs, a few days ago, for attempting suicide by jumping into the river.

Evil thoughts, like unwelcome guests, make no part of a family, and will depart if not encouraged to stay.

PRETTY FAIR HIT.—When the Rev. Jesse Lee, the father of Methodism in New England, was asked why there were then no Doctors of Divinity in his denomination, he promptly replied—"Because our divinity is not sick."—[Hartford Rep.]

Anecdote of General Jackson.

At the south-west, the people delight to spin yarns of Gen. Jackson; of his daring love of justice, and the prompt way of administering "that article," when he found it necessary. I was on the Mississippi last summer, when I heard the following story, which never having been seen in print, I send you for the benefit of the readers of the Spirit of the Times.

The General, then Judge Jackson, was holding court—long time ago—in a shanty at a little village in Tennessee, and dispensing justice in large and small doses as seemed to him to be required in the case before him. One day during court, a great bulking fellow armed with pistols and bowie-knife, took it upon himself to parade before the Shantee Court House and down the Judge, Jury, and all there assembled, in set terms.

"Sheriff, sing out the Judge in an awful tone, 'arrest that man for contempt of Court and confine him!'"

Out goes the Sheriff, but soon returned with the word to the Judge that he had found it impossible to take the offender.

"Summon a posse then," said the Judge and bring him before me!"

The Sheriff put out again, but the task was too difficult; he could not, or dared not lay his hands on the man, nor did any of the posse like the job any better than the did, as the fellow threatened to shoot the first "skunk" that came within ten feet of him.

At this the Judge waxed wrathful, to have his authority put at defiance before all the good people of the vicinity, so he cried out from the bench, (it was literally a bench) "Mr. Sheriff, if you can't obey my orders, summon me, yes, sir, summon me!"

"You, Judge! exclaimed the Sheriff, in amazement.

"Yes, me, summon me! By the Eternal I'll see what I can do!"

"Well, Judge, if you say so, though I don't like to do it, but if you will try, why I suppose I must summon you."

"Very well," said Jackson, rising and walking to the door, "I adjourn this court ten minutes."

The ruffian was standing a short distance from the Shantee, in the centre of a crowd of people, blaspheming at a terrible rate, and flourishing his weapons, vowing death and destruction to all and singular who should attempt to molest him.

"Now," said he, looking him straight in the eye, "surrender, you infernal villain, this very instant, or by the Eternal, I'll blow you through!"

The man eyed the speaker for a moment without speaking, and then let fall weapons, with the word: "There, Judge, it's no use, I give in, and suffered himself to be led off by the Sheriff, without opposition. He was completely cowed.

A few days after the occurrence, the man was asked by one of his comrades why he knocked under to one man, when he had before refused to be taken by a whole company; and his reply showed the estimation in which the daring and determined spirit of Jackson was held throughout the country.

"Wah," said he, when he came up, I looked him in the eye, and by—, I saw shoot, and there wasn't shoot in nary other eye in the crowd, and so I says to myself, says I, hoss, it's about time to sing small—and so I did.—[Spirit of the Times.]

The Wife's Commandments.

1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.
2. Thou shalt not take into thy house, any beautiful brazen image, to bow down to her, or serve her, for I am a jealous wife, visiting, &c.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife, in vain.

4. Remember thy wife, to keep her respectfully.

5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.

6. Thou shalt not fret.

7. Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinner.

8. Thou shalt not chew tobacco.

9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern; thou shalt not covet the tavern keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his gin, his whiskey, nor his wine, nor anything that is behind the bar of the rumrunner.

11. Thou shalt not visit billiard saloons, neither for worshipping in the dance, nor the heaps of money that he on the table. And the twelfth commandment is, thou shalt not stay out later than nine o'clock at night.

Platform.

LADIES' SURFOUTS.—A new article of ladies' dress which has been much worn in New York, during the past month or two, is thus described by the Home Journal:

A promenade over-dress—being a close fitting coat like the New York surtout worn by gentlemen—only not so long. It is all the rage at present in Paris, and pearl drab cashmere or pelise cloth are the goods preferred. The cut is double breasted, with four pearl or passementerie buttons on each side of the lapels, and two buttons at the waist behind, at the junction of the box-plaits and side seams. The collar is quite small. The sleeves are cut in the pagoda style—that is, with a very little fullness at the arm, and formed to fit the arm nearly to the elbow, from whence they widen so as to become very large and flowing at the wrist, where they are turned over to form a band cuff of three inches depth. For a waist sixteen inches length, the skirt should be about eighteen inches long, and cut in a regular circle, to sew without fullness to the bodice, and still fall gracefully over a hooped skirt of moderate amplitude. The linings are of silk serge, to match, and the edges are bound with fine galloon. There are two diagonal pockets in the skirts. This garment should be cut and made by a tailor who possesses some knowledge of the ornamental art, when it becomes the most attractive and comfortable garment for promenade that was ever adopted by the ladies.

VERY DEFINITE.—Winchell tells a story of a stranger meeting an Irishman leaning against a post, watching a funeral procession coming out of a brick house by his side, when the following dialogue ensued:

Stran.—Is that a funeral?
Irish.—Yes, sir, I'm thinking it is.
Stran.—Anybody of distinction?
Irish.—I reckon it is.
Stran.—Who is it that died?
Irish.—The gentleman in the coffin.

HE IS AND HE AIN'T.—"Is Mr. Bluster at home?" "No Sir—he is out of town." "When can I see him?" "Don't know, sir. Have you any special business with Mr. Bluster?" "Yes—there is an account I wish to settle." "Well, I can't say when he will be back." "But I wish to pay the bill, as I am to leave town immediately." "Oh you wish to pay him some money. Well, perhaps I may be mistaken—he may be up stairs. Please to walk in, sir; your hat, if you please, sir. Mr. Bluster will be with you in a moment."

PROPHETIC.—An ordinary man, in Surry, asked his curate if he did not think the war would go hard with the French. "Nay, I am sure it will," added the fellow; "for I was reading in the Bible, but this morning, and found somewhere in Isaiah, these words:—'Mount Seir shall be brought low.' Now, sir, you see the Prophet must have meant that mount Seir shall be brought low."—Thrale.

CEREBRAL HIT.—A correspondent of the John Bull says: I happen to know one of your Bishops, second in worth to none on the bench, who was thus reproved by a noble Roman lady: "I wonder, my lord, you are not ashamed to have a wife and a half-a-dozen children." "I should be more ashamed," he answered, "to have the children without the wife."

A BRISK PLACE.—There is a good anecdote told about the little town of Portland, Indiana.

While a certain steamboat was about putting out from here recently, for New Orleans, the mate, an old boatman, turned to some passengers and remarked: "This little town gentlemen, looks droll, but I tell you it is, perhaps, a mighty brisk place. About fifteen years ago, as I was going down with a flat-boat to New Orleans, we stopped here to procure some provisions. I went up into town, and seeing a coat hanging out of a shop door, just took it. The owner came after me—caught me—took me before a magistrate—I was tried—convicted—took thirty-nine lashes—and was back to the boat in fifteen minutes! I tell you gentlemen, a mighty brisk little place is that same Portland."

Judge Butler, of South Carolina, recently declared in the Senate, that he would go out of the Union, rather than submit to an interdiction of the right claimed for Southern gentlemen to carry their slaves into the national territories. The Union parades the declaration under its editorial head with great delight.—Such language from Seward or Hale would be abolition treason. From the quarter from which it now comes, it is merely a manly outburst of lofty chivalry. These Southerners, who crack their whips on their plantations, wish to crack them occasionally in Congress. They feel towards the North as our friend in the song feels towards his ass:

"Things have come to a very fine pass,
When a man cannot wallop his own jackass."

"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dear Joe I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back."

PROPHET says that Austria has committed suicide by flinging herself into the Holy See.

Domestic Fault Finding.

The Independent of a late date furnishes a contrast between the happy home of Bessie Wolcott, and the unhappy one of Mrs. Ellery, which is not without a parallel here and there throughout all countries. The article is entitled "Cooking Eggs."

"Quite a dish full of raw eggs," said Mr. Ellery, as he turned the third one from its shell into his egg-cup. The remark was made in no ill-humored tone. His face wore no sour, no fault-finding expression. Nevertheless, his poor wife, who had daily boiled eggs for him during twenty years, and always by the minutehand, had never heard the expression once in all that time: "My dear, these eggs are just right."

Daily had Mrs. Ellery varied, and daily did the objections vary. "You forgot your eggs this morning, didn't you?" Next morning: "Your eggs are pretty soft, but they'll do." Morning after:—"Better save these eggs for bullets!" and thus the poor woman never pleased.—Still he could manage to dispose of two, three, or four at a breakfast very well.

Misfortune never came alone, and Mr. Ellery's eggs were not his only mishaps. His shirts never fit right about the shoulders. The bosoms are stiff as a board, or limp as a handkerchief. His meals are always a little too early or a little too late, and the room is forever too hot or too cold.

But we were not intending to follow the poor man through all his trials; we have only to do with the eggs. Mr. Ellery is not an epicure or a gourmandizer; he is only at his own table a little particular; or, as he expresses it, he "can't eat what is not fit to eat." From home he can relish whatever is placed before him, and is ever deemed a most pleasant guest. Perhaps, should the truth come out, it would appear that Mr. Ellery is fallen into a habit of domestic fault-finding, a sort of domestic criticism; and from this unbecoming habit, his wife, the labor of whose life is to please him, is doomed to perpetual disappointment.

Mr. Ellery is an upright man. He values himself on being a good husband. A man of purer morals never lived.—Down, away down in the bottom of his heart, his wife occupies a warm place. But it is so far down as to be a matter of faith, not of sight. Mrs. Ellery was naturally social. Her young days overflowed with cheerfulness and chat. In her father's house, if she cooked anything: "Why, Bessie, what toast you make! give me another slice!" And these eggs! it is something to have fresh eggs at this season, and it is more still to have a daughter that can cook them just right.

Bessie has faded young as American women are wont to do. Her brown curly hair has given place to many a silver thread, and her silent meals give few intimations of the gleesome board that Bessie Wolcott gladdened in her girlhood.

A HEAD TOO LONG.—The partizans of Louis Napoleon say, with a chuckle since his last act of treason that he has shown the "world he is not the fool some folks took him for"—and declare that he is in fact a "long headed fellow." No doubt of it his head is too long—it should cut off.—[Burlington Sent.]

ADDINO BUT NOT BETTING.—"Prisoner," said one of the magistrates, at a petty session held a short time since; "Prisoner, you are charged with aiding and abetting at a prize fight."

"Please, sir, I'll take my Gospel oath I didn't bet a farthing upon it," was the reply.

"ILLUSTRATING," WITHOUT "EXPLAINING."—It is well known that Rev. Thomas Scott, the celebrated commentator on the Bible, Published an edition of Bunyan's progress, with explanatory notes. A copy of this work, he benevolently presented to one of his poor parishioners. Meeting him soon after, Mr. Scott inquired whether he had read it.

The reply was, "Yes, sir."

"Do you think you understand it?"

"Oh yes, sir," was the answer; "and I hope before long that I shall be able to understand the notes."

There is a moral in the above reply, which some of the writers of our day, and some of the occupants of the pulpit, would do well to study.

HOW TO MAKE PORT WINE.—The process of manufacturing port wine which is so much used in our country, is very simple and expeditious. Every wholesale druggist and manufacturer of drugs understands it. The parliamentary committee on adulterations in England recently reported for the benefit of their less suspicious contemporaries the following thoroughly tested receipt:

"Cider, 45 gallons; brandy, 6 gallons; good port, 8 gallons; ripe sloes, 2 gallons; to be stewed in 2 gallons of water; press off the liquor, and add to the above; if the color is not strong enough, tincture of red sanders. In a few days this wine may be bottled. Add to each bottle a teaspoonful of powdered catechu, and mix it well; it will very soon produce a fine rusty appearance.—The bottles being packed on their sides, as usual, soak the corks in a strong decoction of Brazil wood with alum, which will, with the crust, give it the appearance of age."

WHERE'S HOBBS?—Wonder if he could pick a lock of hair from the head of steamboat navigation?—[Lantern]

